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JOHN G. WHITTIER

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THE RIVER PATH

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

With Illustrations



BOSTON

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY

LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.

1878

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List of Illustrations.

ENGRAVED BY A. V. S. ANTHONY.

- "The tangled bank below was still" T. MORAN.
"No rustle from the birchen stem" WM. HART.
"The dusk of twilight round us grew" . . . J. A. BROWN.
"We saw the hill-tops glorified" S. COLMAN.
"A tender glow, exceeding fair" J. A. BROWN.
"A dream of day without its glare" A. V. S. ANTHONY.
"While dark, through willowy vistas seen" . . J. McENTEE.
"We gazed upon those hills of God" A. R. WAUD.
"Beckoned our dear ones gone before" . . . JESSIE CURTIS.
Group of Cherubs JESSIE CURTIS.
"The voices lost to mortal ear" JESSIE CURTIS.
"The hills swung open to the light" S. COLMAN.
"Down glade and glen and bank it rolled" . . W. HART.
 " When our feet draw near
The river dark" T. MORAN.
"On thy eternal hills look forth" A. R. WAUD.
Tail-Piece A. V. S. ANTHONY.
Vignette — Violets H. V. ANTHONY.

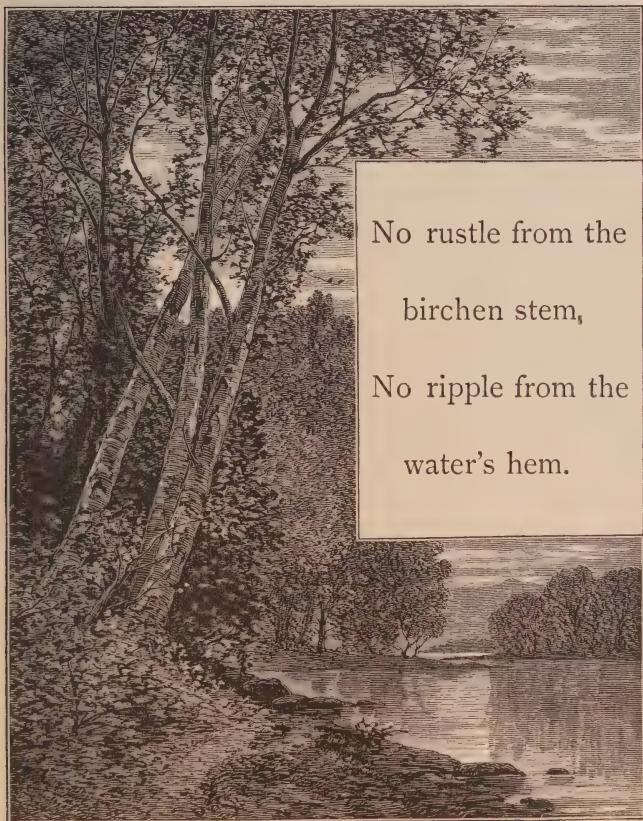




THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

The River Path.



No rustle from the
birchen stem,
No ripple from the
water's hem.

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The River Path.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;



For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

The River Path.



But on the river's farthest side

We saw the hilltops glorified,—

The River Path.



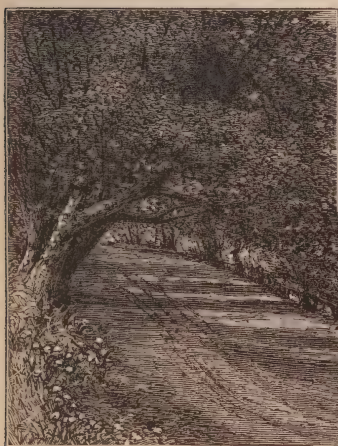
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.



The River Path.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom:

With them the sunset's rosy bloom;



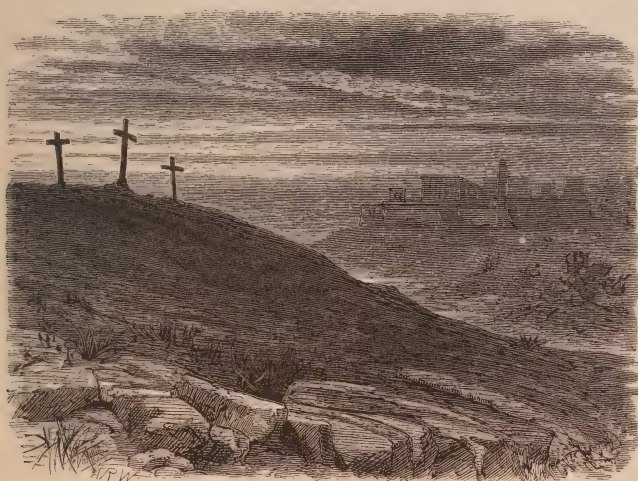
While dark, through
willowy vistas seen,

The river rolled in
shade between.



The River Path.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,



Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

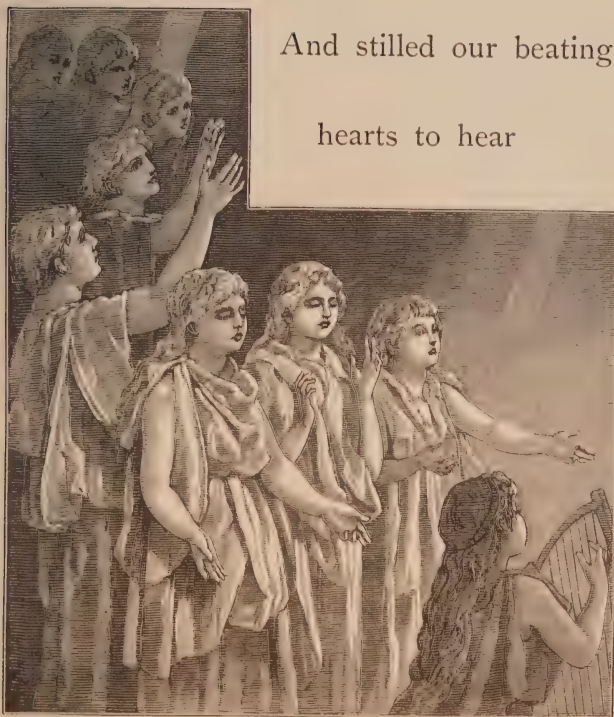
The River Path.



We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;



The River Path.



And stilled our beating
hearts to hear

The voices lost to mortal ear!

The River Path.



Sudden our pathway turned from night;

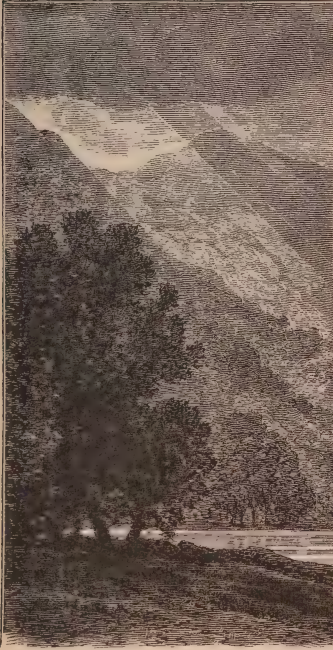
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine

showed,

A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

The River Path.



Down glade and glen
and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded
stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

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The River Path.

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw near

The river dark, with mortal fear,



“And the night cometh chill with dew,

O Father! let thy light break through!

The River Path.



“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;

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The River Path.

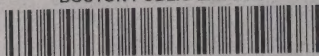
“And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”



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